

Be Thou the Rainbow

by pearypie

Category: Kuroshitsuji

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Alois T., Ciel P., Claude F., Elizabeth M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-09 18:52:04

Updated: 2016-04-09 18:52:04

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:05:33

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,018

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Elizabeth blushed but refused to back down. "Of course. I don't like to see people suffer and youâ€|there's something about you Lord Trancy. Something familiar. You want to be loved."/ Elizabeth learns of Alois Trancy's backstory and being the wonderful cinnamon roll she is, decides that the best cure for his heartache and blues is friendship and a touch of affection. PLATONIC.

Be Thou the Rainbow

Elizabeth burst through the double doors of the Midford manor with a determined look on her face. "Paula! Quick, Paula! Fire up the ovens and find Grandmama Midford's canelÃ© recipeâ€the one that received the Parisian prize for best baked goods! We don't have much time, Paula!"

"Y-yes my lady!" The brunette maidservant quickly stood up and gave a short but polite curtsy. "Would you like these delivered to Lord Phantomhive's estate immediately?"

Much to Paula's surprise, her lady's wide, emerald green eyes were filled with unshed tears. Elizabeth, the cheerful sunflower whom all adored, looked ready to cry. "Oh, Paula no, these aren't going to be for Ciel." She said firmly, giving a small sniffle. "Grandmama Midford always made canelÃ© whenever Edward and I were upset. She said that the best thing for a saddened soul began with the simplest of things."

Paula gasped. "My lady! You didn't tell me you were feeling so low! Why, if I'd known sooner I would have retrieved you from the park myself! Oh, I knew it was a bad idea letting Theo drive youâ€that man has absolutely no sense of direction andâ€"

"No, no Paula," Elizabeth began walking to her room with a determined, quick pace. "It wasn't Theo's fault. And the canelÃ© cakes aren't for me either. After they're done please put them in one

of Grandmama's wicker baskets and tell Stephen to ready the carriage. I won't be long here." Like a woman on a mission, Elizabeth entered her room and beelined for her cute, creme colored writing desk. It was decorated with hand-painted rosettes and pale spring violets—two of her favorite flowers. Edward had it commissioned for her twelfth birthday.

She held back a sob. Did he have anyone looking out for him? Giving him precious birthday gifts that came more from the heart than the pocketbook? Oh, that poor, dear thing! She didn't like to think of others as cruel but what those people did—what they ignored, oh! It was enough to send Elizabeth into a fit of rage!

Pulling out a fresh sheet of stationary (pale pink with a border of ivy and roses), Elizabeth began to write.

* * *

><p>Four Hours Previously:

She'd come to Solomon Park to clear her head. It was an unusually warm March day, complete with blue sky and a pale yellow sun that warmed Elizabeth's rosy cheeks and brought an infectious smile to her lips. Theo, one of their newest employees, had driven her to the park and now dutifully remained seated by the curb as Elizabeth wandered around. She was grateful for his inexperience or else she'd never get a moment alone; propriety dictated that she needed to have a chaperon but Solomon Park was old—almost abandoned.

The tall pine trees seemed to stretch to the heavens and the grass was greener than Castleton, there were patches of rampant growth and wildflowers but overall, it was a nicely preserved spot of earth. A few wooden benches lay scattered around the area and, quickening her pace, Elizabeth began to see a small pond of yellow—the sandbox! She grinned, how she loved walking across the sand, feeling all the malleable curves and dips under her feet. It was soothing, particularly in March when the sand was blissfully cool. It was like the most refreshing cleanse, with the clear forested air surrounding her and the faintest coos of the dove nearby.

Without a second thought, Elizabeth began to dash towards the sand tract at a most unbecoming pace, stopping all too quickly when she saw that there was another figure there. He was half slumped on the bench a few feet away from the sand, arms limp at his side and gaze melancholy. His purple overcoat was of a rich material but it seemed dirtied, as if he'd just had a grand fight and been pushed to the ground in the midst of the frenzy.

Elizabeth bit her lip. Should she move forward? Or should she just leave? Well, she knew which one she ought to do but—she tilted her head. Something about him seemed so—lonely and a bit sad. She frowned. No one should be sad so close to spring! Why, in only a few weeks it would be warm enough for outdoor strolls without the cumbersome burden of cloaks and muffs and Elizabeth simply couldn't wait for that. She didn't think anyone could feel sorrow with all the wondrous events that would be coming—from the Quinten's May barbecue to the Seaton ball oh! Everything was going to be golden! Putting on her best smile, Elizabeth made her way forward.

I do hope he won't think me too intrusive. She worried silently.

_But I shall be quickâ€"I will give him a smile and greeting and if he still finds me too bothersome, I shall leave. After all, it wouldn't be right to bother him with undue cause. _

When she was only a few steps away from the figure, Elizabeth let out a cheery "how do you do?" and watched as he jerked forward, head turning left and right before he saw her. Blue eyes met green and Elizabeth saw a flicker of recognition in those baby blue depths.

She blinked, surprised. "Lord Alois!" Elizabeth dropped into a curtsy. "Forgive me, I didn't mean to interrupt your meditations." She rose, not daring to take another step forward.

He looked at her and his face crumpled. He crossed his arms and turned his head down. "It's fine." He muttered. "I don't care."

She hesitated and in her nervousness, began to fidget with her cream colored hand gloves. "Wouldâ€"would you mind terribly if I came to sit down next to you?" She had come all this way and, Elizabeth decided, she would be very, very quiet so as to not disturb Lord Trancy. Ciel had said he was temperamental and vile and Sebastian had warned her to stay away from him so she would only be here for a few moments before leaving. Long enough to take in the crisp, fresh air and thenâ€"well, then she'd bid him good day and hope Ciel didn't find out about her transgression.

"It's fine." Lord Trancy repeated apathetically, eyes fixed on an uneven patch of wildflowers before him. "Do what you will."

"Thank you very much my lord." Elizabeth smiled sunnily, almost skipping to the bench with joy. _He isn't upset with me for bothering him! _

Her tone seemed to surprise the young lordling. "What are you so happy about?" He wondered suspiciously. "That fiancÃ© of yours didn't send you to get information out of me did he?" He began to rise. "If Phantomhive wants something let him be man enough to come and ask me himself! Only cowards hide behind the skirts of women, especially if he's asked you to do his dirty work for him."

Elizabeth was shocked. "My Lord Trancy please don't think of this as anything other than coincidence." She tried to soothe, remembering Ciel's words. "Iâ€"I didn't mean to upset you with my presence. It's just that, I grew up playing around Solomon Park with my brother andâ€"

"You have a brother?"

"Iâ€"yes."

"What's his name?" He asked curiously, looking at her with wide, appraising eyes.

Though a part of Elizabeth was uncomfortable and ready to bolt, another partâ€"the one who smiled for all and wanted only happiness for othersâ€"couldn't pass up this opportunity to talk about those she loved best. "His name is Edward." She beamed. "And he's absolutely wonderful. He studies at Weston and is terribly intelligent; his favorite subject is history but his best classes are

geography and literature."

Lord Trancy seemed to be relaxing. "Go on. What else?"

"Oh, whenever he's at home he likes to go out riding on his horse, Rhine, and sometimes we have races. I may be able to best my brother in some things but horseback riding is not one of them." She gave a rueful chuckle. "But every year on my birthday he lets me win and then he'll take me out to London where we'll spend the afternoon walking around together. But my favorite part is when we come back," Elizabeth lowered her voice, as if speaking in the strictest confidence, "that's when he and I will clear all the servants from the kitchens so we can bake together. We really make a horrid mess but something always ends up getting put together." She laughs lightly. "You should see usâ€"covered in flour and looking utterly indecent! Why, if mother ever saw us she'd have Edward shipped to the navy and confine me to my chamber for all eternity!"

She looked over at Lord Trancy, who seemed lost in thought. Elizabeth winced.

"Oh my lord, I'm so sorry!" She apologized quickly, not noticing the look of surprise that crossed his face in lieu of her apology.

"Sorry? What do you have to be sorry for?"

"Why here I am talking on and on about myself when all you really wanted was some peace and quiet!" She felt horrible. "I'm being so improper but you won't say a word out of courtesy! I'm so very sorry Lord Trancy, please do forgive me!" Her emerald eyes locked with his delphinium orbs and she saw in them a myriad of emotions. Confusion, amusement, sorrow, despair. Elizabeth frowned. "Have I made you very upset my lord?"

At that, the blonde haired earl blinked. He blinked and then heâ€"

"My lord?" She asked, utterly confused when the Earl of Trancy began to laughâ€"but it was not a happy laugh. It sounded choked and painful, as if he were trying to scratch himself clean of vice and sin, wanting to hurl his transgressions back at the world. Elizabeth felt her heart ache for him. "Oh my lord, are you alright?" She scooted closer, one hand reaching out for his.

Gently, Elizabeth's warm, leather gloved hand came to rest on top of his. She gasped. "Oh my lord you're freezing! Quick, do you have a carriage nearby? If you don't you can share mine, it's just over the ridge." She promised firmly, moving closer so that their shoulders were pressed together. "I can't have you catching your death out here."

"Why bother?" He spat back bitterly. "No one else seems to care. No one else ever will. Not evenâ€|" his voice faltered and his lower lip began to tremble. "Ah, here I am calling Phantomhive a coward when I can't even control my own blasted emotions. Damn it all!" He hissed, right hand curling into a fist.

Elizabeth said nothing but she tightened her grip on his hand. This gesture seemed to soothe him, at least a little bit, and his rigid

posture relaxed, ever so slightly.

"No one cares." He whispered again. "I'm horrible. Why should anyone care about me? Not even Claude and he promised to be there for me forever. Until the very end. Hah. What a lie. What a splendid, golden lie. I'm awful."

"Don't say that my lord." Elizabeth murmured softly. "You're not horrible or awful at all. You mustn't say such things about yourself."

"Aren't I?" He demanded, turning to look at Elizabeth again. "You don't think I'm a wretched, awful child? I don't think before I act and I have the worst temper out of anyone I know and trust me, I _know._" He chuckled cruelly. "If they all hate me so much, I'll hate them back even more. I'll hate this whole world."

"Hatred is far too painful an emotion to carry with your forever."

He glared at her. "What do you know of pain?" Alois sneered. (Though his hand remained linked to hers.) "You've grown up in love. Your brother, your mother, your father. Your stupid fiancÃ©."

"Ciel's not stupid!" Elizabeth defended sharply. "Don't say such things about him. He's wonderful and works so hard andâ€"and even though he's so young he's taken up all the responsibilities as the Lord Phantomhive, just as you've taken up your duties." She lowered her voice then, managing a small smile as she looked at the blonde noble beside her. "And you're wrong, Lord Trancy."

"Aren't I always?" He mused cynically. "I'm wrong about the world. I'm wrong about love. I don't have a single person in this world who'll care if I died."

"That's not true!" Elizabeth gripped his hand. "I'd care."

He looked at her incredulously. "You? _You_, fiancÃ©e to Ciel Phantomhive, would care if I died?"

Elizabeth blushed but refused to back down. "Of course. I don't like to see people suffer and youâ€"there's something about you Lord Trancy. Something familiar. You want to be loved."

Those words. With those five words Elizabeth Midford had unknowingly shattered every barrier around Alois Trancy's heart. And little by little, almost unconsciously, his story was told.

* * *

><p>Present:

With a trove of canelÃ© cakes, freshly baked brioche, and cute, pink and violet petit fours all tucked in a pretty, handwoven wicker basket, Elizabeth felt ready to visit Alois Trancy properly. The carriage ride felt like an eternity as she held onto the basket in her lap, the letter tucked into a secret pocket beneath her bustle as she eagerly waited for the sight of gray stone walls and impressive red roses.

By the time Stephen drew up at Trancy Court, Elizabeth was halfway out of the carriage, bounding up the steps with a cheerful smile. Much to her surprise, the double doors opened before she even had a chance to knock.

There, staring impassively down at her from his tall height was Claude Faustus, Alois's personal butler and the man who seemed to be the root of all his heartache. Elizabeth managed to keep her smile in place.

"Good afternoon." She beamed brightly. "I've come to visit Lord Trancy—is he available? Or should I come back later? Although, I'm not sure these canals would be able to stand another trip over." She bit her lip, eyes widening with innocence and worry.

Claude's cold golden gaze did not falter though he did take one step back. "Come in, please." He said cordially, voice distant. "Lord Trancy is in his study but I am sure he will make room in his schedule for you, my lady."

Elizabeth suppressed a shiver. There was something distinctly sinister about Claude—he didn't have that playful, mischievous aura that Sebastian held. In fact, 'playful' wasn't a term Elizabeth would ever associate with him—perhaps 'stoic' and 'glacial' worked better but she didn't want to appear rude.

"Would you care to wait in the parlor?" Claude gestured and Elizabeth peered down the dark vermillion corridor with hesitation. "Or I could escort you to his highness's study."

"Oh yes that would be the lovelier option." Elizabeth sighed in relief, grateful that he was at least as perceptive as Sebastian.

"This way, my lady."

* * *

><p>On her way to Alois's study, Elizabeth passed by three purple haired triplets and one woman of beautiful honey colored skin and pale, lavender hued hair. Her name was Hannah and Claude dismissed her with a curt nod. She seemed, Elizabeth sympathized, rather afraid of the head butler but then again, things in the Trancy household were much more intimidating than elsewhere.<p>

Finally, Claude stopped at a pair of double doors that went from floor to ceiling; they were siena in tone and had magnificently carved golden handles. He turned back to her. "One moment my lady." Claude instructed as he opened the door and stepped inside. Elizabeth trailed behind him nervously, now wondering if it was really such a good idea to drop by unannounced. She did it so often with Ciel but this was Alois—she had no idea if he would approve or reprimand her for such a careless action.

Suddenly, a bout of fear seized Elizabeth. What if he sent her away? Instructed her not to come back because he was busy and she shouldn't meddle in other peoples affairs? The tale he told her on the park bench was one thing but her barging into an earl's study on a Tuesday afternoon was another matter entirely. _Oh, mother was right. I __**am **__too hotheaded sometimes. _

But before Elizabeth could do anything else, Claude sidestepped her and Elizabeth came face to face with the blue eyed earl again. His countenance was cold and Elizabeth wanted to shrink back and run though her feet remained rooted in place. Claude took another bow and left.

"Iâ€" "

"What are you doing here?" He inquired harshly. "If you're here to gather more ammunition for that blasted fiancÃ© of yours then you can forget it. I'm done with you lot so just get the fuck out."

Elizabeth was stunned. Never before had she heard anyone use an explicative so carelessly and coming from the mouth of a nobleâ€"Alois seemed to catch onto Elizabeth's train of thought and he smiled cruelly.

"What? Is my language too coarse for you? Too unrefined, little girl?" He taunted. "If you can't handle a few measly phrases like the ones I'm using now, then you'll never be Lady Phantomhive. Your precious Ciel needs someone who can stand beside him, not a pathetic weakling who has to hide behind pink skirts and useless frills."

That moved Elizabeth to action. "I'll care for Ciel in the best way I know how. I'll give him love and affection even when he doesn't want it because this world is cold enough without everyone's conscious malice. You may think me childish and stupid but at least I'm brave enough to try and put a smile on the faces of those I love and care about." She said, eyes blazing with passion and fury. "If you don't want me around, fine. I'll leave and never bother you again." She clutched the basket closer to herself, the rough wicker digging into the soft skin of her palms. "Iâ€" I just wanted to make sure you were alright and that you weren't feeling alone. I wanted to tell you that you're _not _aloneâ€"that you have me." Elizabeth's eyes were now fixed on the ground, not seeing the way Alois's mouth softened, how he had taken one step towards her with apology in his eyes. "But I can see now. You don't want me, you don't want _anyone _that cares about you to actually be there for you. You just want to claw and cry for the unattainable while ignoring everybody who likes you and wants to try and love you."

"Lady Elizabethâ€" "

"Here." Elizabeth held out the basket in front of her. "Thisâ€"this is for you. You don't have to eat it. You can throw it away for all I care."

Slowly, she felt the weight of the basket being lifted from her hands. Peeking up, she saw Alois holding it with one hand as the other reached to lift the lid up. His eyes widened. "Elizâ€"my lady, what is this?" He questioned though there wasn't a trace of disgust in his voice. He was gentle now, like a little kitten, and Elizabeth truly wanted to throw her arms around him. She wanted to hug the boy who had once been and the boy who was now. She wanted Alois to feel love.

Instead, Elizabeth clasped her hands in front of her, eyes downcast.

"My Grandmama Midford always says that sweetness begins on the tongue and spreads throughout the body. Whenever Edward or I were upset, she'd bake canelÃ© cakes for us. She'd serve it on little china plates and remind us that even though we may feel alone or upset, there are still little wonders in this world that we must remember and take heed of." A small burst of confidence filled her and she dared to look up.

Alois stared down at her with watery blue eyes.

_Oh, dear have I made him even more upset? _Elizabeth panicked for a brief moment before Alois took her hand, holding it in his own as blue pierced green. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean what I said before. I justâ€¦I thoughtâ€¦" "I mean, you'reâ€¦" ugh!" Alois hissed, frustrated as he bit his lip, looking down at her tenderly. "I thought you'd find me shameful." He finally mumbled. "Look at meâ€¦" "I'm not even a real earl. I'm in love with my own butler who doesn't give a shit about me. I made myself look like a fool to a beautiful young lady on a park bench." He gave a rueful smile. "I thought you'd hate me too."

"Nonsense." Elizabeth smiled, all transgressions forgotten as she looked up at him. "I think you're brave for telling me what you did and if there's anyone who ought to feel shame, it's those villagers and that vile, awful man who dared to hurt you." Elizabeth had never felt hatred before but she hated all those who tried to turn this boy before her into a monster. Without a second thought, Elizabeth flung her arms around Alois, cuddling him close. "You didn't deserve a single thing they said about you. You're worth something and there _are _people who care about you." She paused but then decided to go for it. "If you want, I can be one of them."

With a choked sob, Alois wrapped his own arms around Elizabeth, the wicker basket falling to the ground with a light thump. Neither of them paid too much attention as Alois buried his face in Elizabeth's shoulder, relishing in the warmth of someone who cared. "Thank youâ€¦Elizabeth." He managed, lips still pressed against the silk collar of her dress.

"You don't have to be so formal with me anymore! Call me Lizzy, I insist!" She commanded, arms still wrapped around his shoulders.

Suddenly she giggled. Alois pulled back so they were face to face, eyes brighter than she'd ever seen them. "What's so funny?"

"You have hydrangeas growing in your garden." She pointed. "They're in bloom."

Alois turned around, ever so slightly. "So they are." He said, still somewhat confused. "Do youâ€¦do you want some?" He asked, almost shyly. "I can get Timber to go and pick you a bouquetâ€¦any size you want. You can any flower from there."

"A bouquet sounds perfectly lovely but Alois, I do have one sincere question for you."

"What is it?"

"Have you ever made a flower crown?"

* * *

><p>AN: Based on a Tumblr post I saw made by lizzy-phantomhive. Elizabeth and Alois friendship because I do think the poor boy needed some affection (that didn't come from a demon) in his life.**

** - When Elizabeth says Grandmama Midford, she's referring to her father's mother. Idk if Alexis Leon Midford's mother is still alive after he married Frances but...**

** - CanelÃ© pastries are absolutely delicious: they have a soft, custard center with a dark, rich caramelized crust and look positively adorable. (They're cylinder shaped and usually stand at 5 cm or so. Bordeaux speciality!) **

** - Hydrangeas in Victorian times symbolized understanding.
**

** Leave a review? I've never written Alois before but he seems like a sweet lemon pie who could use some more love. (And as always, I love the cinnamon roll that is Lizzy.) **

End
file.